

### **Making My Own Choices**

Is there some kind of factory that pieces our appearance and personalities together? Sometimes I think that my soul is actually a separate entity from my body, simply inserted into the latter like a computer chip into a system, and so the soul is extracted, erased of its memory and reused, after the body expires in our environmentally-friendly heaven!

How sad it is that our memory card must be erased at the end of this life! To make the most of this memory, I need to choose how to live life to the fullest and enjoy it. Someone once said to me, "The end result of your life here on earth will always be the sum total of the choices you made while you were here." No one else can choose for me.

I have loved dancing ever since I first had contact with the art eight years ago. However, my parents never supported that interest as they thought that it does not help in my upbringing to have a constant awareness of appearances and were afraid it might distant me from my studies. They wanted me to join an academics-related club or society for my CCA in Secondary School, and when I did not pass the auditions (partially because I did not put my whole-hearted effort into it); they pushed me towards the course of being a "musician". My mother was really impressed by her colleague's daughter who played the ErHu and wanted me to develop musical talents which she felt was an expression of sophistication.

I was afraid to tell them about my wish to join the Dance Society as I was sure that I would receive a flat-out rejection and the results would have had been no different. So I followed their wishes and entered the Guzheng Society. The course of my first year there was excruciating. I expressed no interest in the instrument and made no effort to catch up with my other batch mates. Before long, I started playing truant and made up all kinds of excuses to not appear. Every day, I felt that I was on the verge of a breakdown.

At the end of that year, I wrote an essay based on this agony for a literature program and sent it to my father to print. He finally understood. Of course, there was an inevitable battle, but I finally got a chance to make my choice. For myself.

My choice does not need to be one that brings me up to a higher level, but one that gives me happiness. Despite the strenuous trainings and almost every part of my body aching almost every day, I feel truly at peace after making that choice.

If Heaven is a factory, it is a special one that does not produce any two identical computer systems. "The doors we open and close each day decide the lives we live." So, have you made your choice today?

(491 words)